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Mr. Peter Snout

Author Unknown

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Mr. Peter Snout.

Mister Peter Snout, was invited out;
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
 He had but one shirt, and he made a rout,
 For his wife that moment had wash'd it out,
 While snug in bed lay he.
 The dinner was nigh, and the shirt not dry;
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
 Oh! dear Mistress Snout, what are you about?
 If my shirt's not ready, I'm off without,
 I'll be damn'd if I don't said he.
 They expect me at five, so says the note;
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
 A clean cravat I'll tie round my throat,
 And up to my chin I'll button my coat,
 It will do very well, says she.
 He came to the house, and he doff'd his hat,
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
 He made a fine bow, and down he sat;
 Under his waistcoat he shew'd his cravat,
 Which the Ladies all blushed to see.
 The weather was rainy,—now mind the gig—
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
 He couldn't go home, so was forced to pig,
 With Parson Botch, a clerical prig—
 I shall sleep very well, said he.
 Parson Botch always changed his shirt at night;
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee.
 And Mr. Snout, long before it was light,
 Slipp'd into his shirt, tho' 'twas short and tight,
 And out of the room crept he.
 The bedfellows soon at the breakfast met;
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
 Parson Botch protested the law he'd get;
 Says Snout, Dear Botch, 'tis a folly to fret,
 I appeal to this company.
 The ladies all vow'd Mr. Botch was sinning,
 Heigh ho! fiddle dee dee:
 Said they (with a vast deal of blushing and grinning,
 We all took notice of Mr. Snout's linen;
 So off with the shirt went he.

Clifton, Printer.



Logan Braes.

O, Logan sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willy's bride!
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Mogan braes.

Again the merry month of May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay,
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers,
 Blithe morning lifts her rosy eye,
 And evening's tears, are tears of joy;
 My soul delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings sits the Thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil;
 Or wi' his song, her cares beguile;
 But I, wi' my sweet nurselings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O! wae upon you, men o' stat,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate,
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes.

Clifton, Printer.